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VARIETY BUSINESS.

No. 11.

DOT GAL ACROSS DER VAY.

By J. S. ...

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TMP96-006768

Dot Gal Across der Street.

COMIC DUTCH SKETCH.

BY SAUL SERTREW.

CHARACTERS.

JAKEY GARLICK.

KATY SOURCROUT.

SCENE—*Street. Front view of house R., with practical door, and a table and chair side of door. Also, front view of house in flat with practical door. Enter KATY by the door of house R. Looks up and down, and comes forward.*

KATY—Well, I don't know what was keep my Jakey so long away. He was gone a long time. He went off to them "Shoe Black Hills" to dig dot gold, and he told me dot when he was come back he would have plenty of dot gold, and then he would marry me, and live in a brown-stone cupola, and ride in dot dog cart. Well, I wish he was here. I wish he was come back soon, for I was awful lonely without him.

Sings.

I wish dot Jakey he was here,
My heart it was so sad ;
I think dot I'd go crazy now,
I'd feel so awful glad.
He went across them "Shoe Black Hills,"
His pockets to got filled ;
All with dot gold dot he would dig—
I hope he wasn't killed !

CHORUS.

Oh, he was my only joy ! (Break)
Dot little Deitcher boy ! (Break)
I wish dot he was here, I do. I'd squeeze him out of breath,
I'd bite him on his leetle ear, I'd hug him most to death !
(Dance or waltz about.)

He was der boss bell-puncher now
Of all dem city cars ;

And when he'd punch der bell would ring,
 But never count der fares.
 He danced just like dot butterfly,
 And sing just like dot bird;
 They call him the Shanghie Rooster what
 So often you have heard.

(Chorus and Dance.)

(Looks off to the left.) Well, my Jakey he don't was come. I guess dot I write me dot letter to him (moves table and chair to the center of stage) and told him if he don't was come back soon I will got me another fellar. (Goes to the door R.) Yes, I will get me dot pen and ink and write dot letter to Jakey, and told him if he don't was come back I will got me another fellar and go right away from here.

[Exit through door.

Voice outside singing.

AIR: "Hold the Fort."

Hold dot fort, for I was coming
 From dem "Shoe Black Hills,"
 Jakey Garlick, with his pockets
 Full of greenbacks filled.

Enter JAKEY, wearing false whiskers, and carrying over his shoulder a stick with a small bundle tied to the end.

JAKEY (looks about)—Well, I hear me somebody was screaming and was making a noise around here like if der was a dog fight. Well, I don't want to get me in no dog fight. and I guess it was better dot I find me out if my Katy Sourcroust was living here any more; for I was been a long time away to dem "Shoe Black Hills," and may be my Katy was moved away from here. I don't see anybody dot I know around here. Well, I find me out somting. (Raps on the table with his stick, making a loud noise, or sings a song and dance.)

Enter KATY, at the door, and stands staring at him.

KATY (aside)—I wonder who dot fellar was.

JAKEY (raps on table)—Ein glass of beer! (Sits at table and wipes his face with handkerchief.)

KATY (aside)—Hello ! He takes this place for a lager beer saloon !

JAKEY—Well, what you stand there staring at me for? (Raps on table.) Ein glass of beer ! Don't you hear what I say?

KATY (goes to him)—Say, what's the matter with you? What do you want around here?

JAKEY (angry)—What's the matter mit me ! What do I want around here ! I want ein glass of beer ; dot's what's the matter with me. (Raps stick on the table.)

KATY (angry)—Well, go and ge. it. (Gives him a push, and he falls head over heels. Acrobatic tumbling.)

JAKEY (sits up)—I guess I was got in der wrong place. My Sourcroust wouldn't push me about dot way. She was a nice quiet girl, and wouldn't hurt a bumble-bee.

KATY (goes to him)—Say, what do you want around here? Do you know one thing what I will do with you?

JAKEY—No, I don't know what it was. You've knocked it all out of me. I was just going to told you who I was, but you was so glad to see me I didn't get a chance.

KATY (takes him by the ear and brings him forward).—Well, come and sit down and tell me all about it. (Takes the chair and slams it down hard behind him—then quickly shifts it to the other side of her.)

JAKEY (sits down, and rolls head over heels. Sits up and stares at her.)—Well, I never saw anybody so glad to see me as you was. You don't give me a chance to shake hands mit you, or to told you who I was. I don't like dot for a cent. I was just come back from dem "Shoe Black Hills," and I got me plenty of gold ; and I wasn't used to such kind treatment. (Gets up.)

KATY (surprised)—What ! You just come back from dem "Shoe Black Hills !" Aside—[May be he can told me something about my Jakey. I will be awful nice to him, and may be he found out something about my Jakey.] (Speaks to him kindly.) So you was come from dem "Shoe Black Hills."

Well, I hope you will excuse me for being so glad to see you. I couldn't help it. I was very unhappy, 'cause I didn't hear from my Jakey. He was gone to dem "Shoe Black Hills," too. He was a long time away, and may be you can told me something about him.

JAKY (amazed)—Why, you don't mean Jakey Garlick, do you?

KATY (delighted, runs to him and puts her arms about his neck)—Yes, dot was his name, Jakey Garlick! He was one of der nicest leetle fellars dot you ever see. Come sit down and told me all about him, and I got you a nice glass of beer. (Runs off.)

JAKY—Now I will got square mit her, for she don't know I was Jakey, 'cause I was got big whiskers. Now I will told her an awful story and find out if she was true to me. (Sits up on table.)

Enter KATY, with a tin pitcher and cup. Places them on the table.

KATY—There was some nice beer for you. Now come and took a drink and told me all about my Jakey.

JAKY (takes up cup)—Well, here was my good health! (Drinks.) So you want to know about Jakey Garlick?

KATY (puts her arms about him, and leans her head on his shoulder affectionately)—Yes; come and told me all about my Jakey, and dot will make me so happy.

JAKY—Well, when I saw Jakey, he was—

KATY (hugs him)—Yes; go on!

JAKY—Well, when I saw Jakey, he was—

KATY (same business)—Yes; go on! When you saw Jakey!

JAKY (aloud)—Well, when I saw Jakey, he was—

KATY (very anxious)—Well, when you saw Jakey, what was he?

JAKY—He was D-e-a-d—drunk!

KATY (horried)—What? (Gives the table a push, and he falls head over heels. Acrobatic tumbling.)

Jakey (sits up)—Well, I never saw anybody so glad to see Jakey before as you was !

KATY (goes to him and lifts him up by the neck and shakes him)—Look here ! If you come around here slandering my Jakey, I will sue you for *lieabilities*, and if you don't get out of here I will set the dogs on you. (Gives him a push and runs off.) (Changes her dress.)

Jakey (angry)—Now I got me mad. Won't stand this no longer. I will go and got my whiskers shaved off and fix myself up, and den ven she sees me she will know me right away, and I won't know her anyhow ! I will tell her I was got me plenty of money and looking for another gal ! Yes, I will got me my clarionet and serenade dot gal across der street ! [Exits and takes off false whiskers and quickly returns blowing on a trumpet, and goes to house in flat and sings :

I loves a pretty Deitcher gal,
 She lives across der street ;
 The nicest gal I ever saw,
 And sweetest of der sweet.
 She told me dot she loved me ; now
 I tink dot it was so ;
 And if she'll come and marry me,
 Oh, right away I'll go.

CHORUS.

Oh, come mit me, my rosebud tree,
 You was so awful sweet ;
 I'll wear you in my button-hole,
 And walk about der street !
 (Waltz about.)

You was dot apple of my eye,
 You was my diamond ring,
 You was dot bunch of raddishes
 All tied up mit a string.
 I love you better as dot beer,
 Or speck and sauer kraut ;
 So come, my love, and go mit me,
 Come right away quick out !
 (Chorus and dance.)

Enter KATY, door R.

KATY—Well, I wonder who dot was serenading gal across der street ! (Discovers Jakey.) My goodness, dot looks like my Jakey ! I wonder what dot means ! Der was nobody in dot house ; der people was all moved out ! I will just go around der back way and get in dot house and see what dot means. (Exits in door R. and appears at door of house in flat and waves her handkerchief to Jakey.)

JAKEY (stops playing and turns around front)—My goodness, der was a gal at der door ! I vonder what I shall say ! If my Sourcrout was to find dot out, der would be a dog fight here ! Well, I got myself in business, and I must got out the best I could. She's a waving her handkerchief, and wants me to come in. I guess it was better I wait till she come out.

KATY (comes out from door in flat.) [Aside—Dot was my Jakey, sure ! I'll make believe I don't know him.] (Flirts with handkerchief, and comes alongside of Jakey.) You was an awful nice-looking fellow ; I wonder who you was !

JAKEY (aside—She wants to make love to me ! I guess I better told her I was an awful bad man, and then she will go way. If my Sourcrout sees her, der will be a fight sure !)

KATY—Dot was awful nice music dot you played, and I don't know who you was dot you was come around here to serenade me !

JAKEY—Well, I just come back from dem "Shoe Black Hills," but I was an awful bad man.

KATY—Well, what was you doing around here

JAKEY—Well, I was looking for a nice gal.

KATY—What kind of a gal was you looking for ?

JAKEY—Well, I was looking for a gal dot could love me all der time. One of those gals dot every time I come in der house she would kiss me over the jaw like this (slaps himself over the face), and call me pet names, and waltz me about, and make things lively for me ; and then I would kick all the hair-pins out of her, and we both would be happy.

KATY (aside—Well, if dot was so, I guess I better make believe I was one of them kind of gals, or Jakey won't marry mit me!) You was looking for one of dem kind of gals dot when you was come in der house she would go up to you (goes to him) and kiss you in der sweetest way over der jaw just like this (slaps him across the face)?

JAKEY (puts hand to face). [Aside—I guess I was getting myself in business. I will have a black eye, sure. I didn't think she was dot kind of a gal!]

KATY (goes to him slowly)—You was looking for one of them gals dot would call you pet names—Birdie! Birdie! you was my sugar plum, and I loves you so much I could eat you right up! (Seizes him by the neck and slings him about. Throws him down. Jumps up and straddles him, and walks off proudly, crowing like a rooster).

JAKEY (sits up)—Well, I guess this was der kind of gal I was looking for, and if I don't scare her off pooty soon, she will break me all to pieces. (Gets up, very angry, and struts about snapping his fingers over his head.) Say, do you know who I was? I was Jakey Garlick, from der "Shoe Black Hills," and I was a fighter! I was a bad man, and I wasn't serenading you! I was serenading dot gal across der street!

KATY—Well, I don't care who you was! I can lick you or dot gal across der street and I'll fight you to see whether you marry me or der gal across der street! If I whip you, you was to marry me; if you whip me, you marry der gal across der street!

JAKEY (quickly)—All right. I will do dot. [Aside—Dot was der best thing I can do. I will give her a good licking, and then she'll go way from me.]

KATY (gets gloves)—Here you was. (Both put on gloves and spar about comically. Katy gets his head under her arm and pummels him. He cries out "Police! police!" Police-man enters, and both pitch into him,) and

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